

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. I ets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*:

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes. done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Prince of Denmark

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foule
But this most foule, strang

Ham. Hast me to know

As mediation, or the tho

May sweepe to my reven

Ghost. I finde thee ap

And duller shouldst thou

That roots it selfe in ease

Wouldst thou not stirre

'Tis given out, that sleep

A Serpent stung me: so th

Is by a forged processe of

Rankely abused: but kno

The Serpent that did stin

Now weares his Crowne

Ham. O my Propheti

Ghost. I, that incestu

With witchcraft of his w

O wicked wits, and gifts

So to seduce! won to his

The will of my most seem

O *Hamlet*, what a falling

From me, whose love was

That it went hand in han

I made to her in marriag

Upon a wretch, whose na

To those of mine! but ver

Though lewdnesse court

So but though to a radi

Will sort it selfe in a cel

And prey on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sen

Briefe let me be: Sleepin

My custome alwaies of t

Upon my secure houre th